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a Hanna-Barbera Production



NO. 20  
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73/CDC

# TOP CAT



RAY DIRGO

00749



# TOP CAT in JUST ALLEY CATS!



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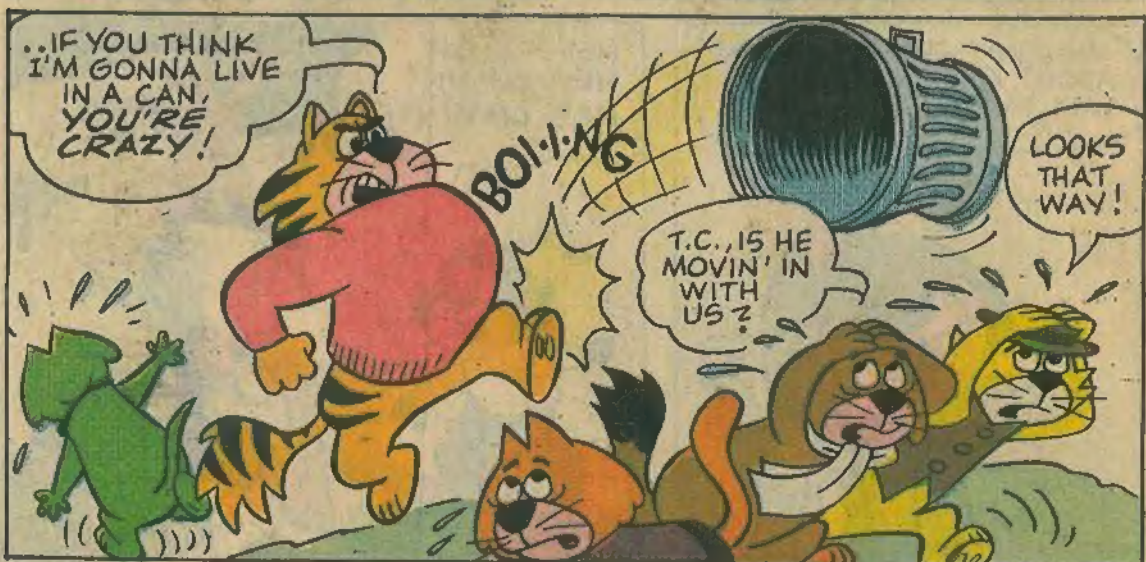
# TOP CAT in <sup>The</sup> Big Wheel!











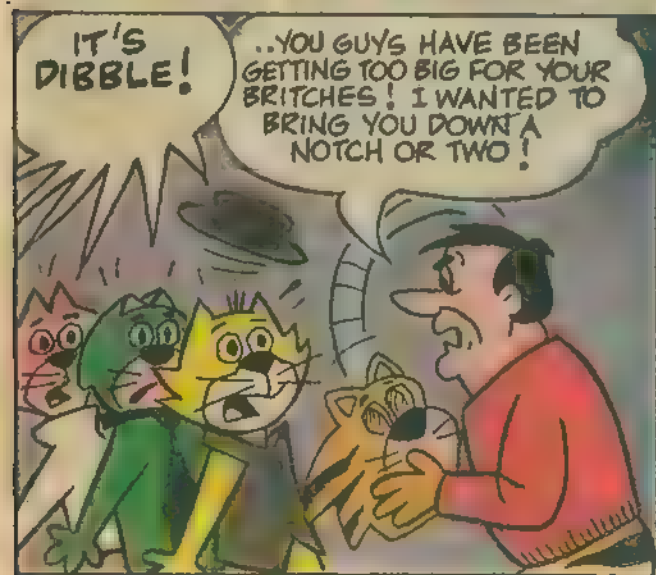
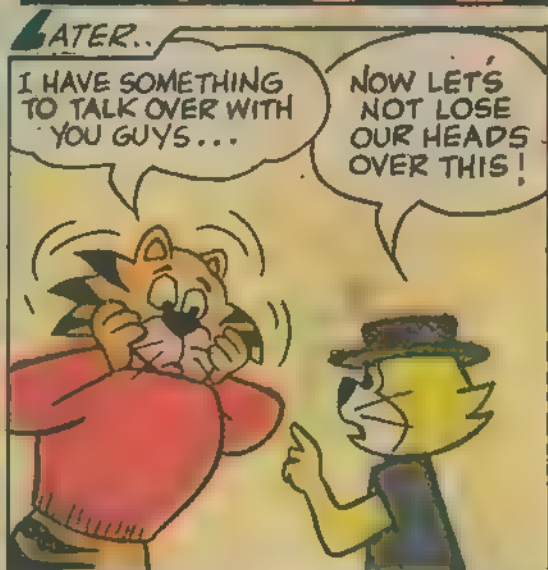












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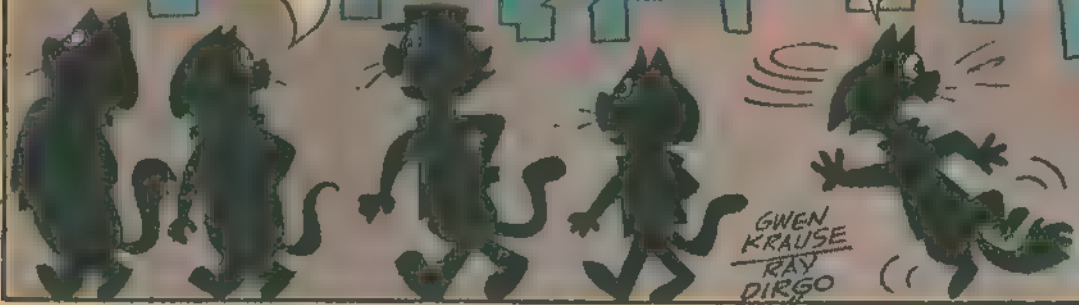


# TOP CAT <sup>in</sup> Lost and Found!

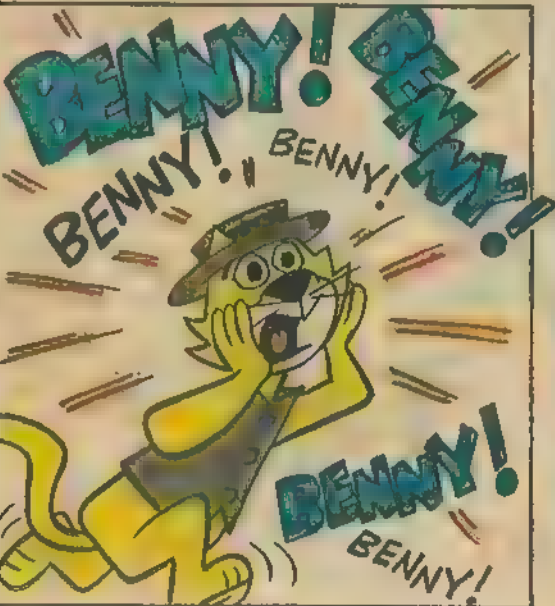
WHY ARE WE WALKING THROUGH ALL THE STREETS DOWN TOWN, T.C.? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, SPOOK, I JUST...

HEY, WHERE'S BENNY?



BENNY MISSING AGAIN?  
LET'S SCATTER, GANG,  
AND FIND HIM!



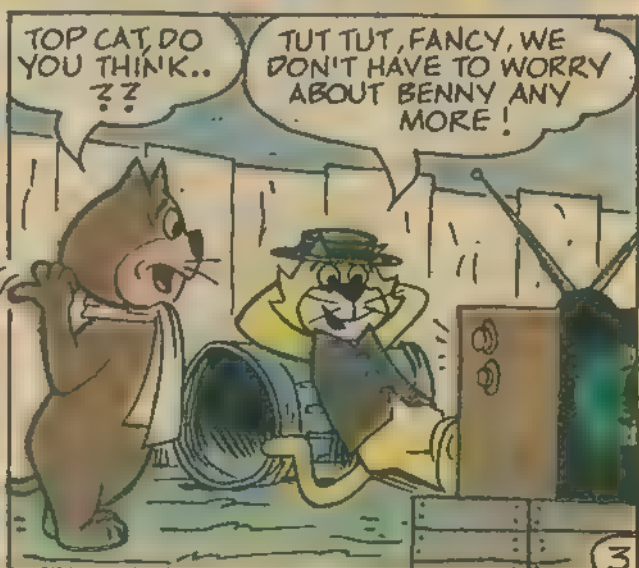
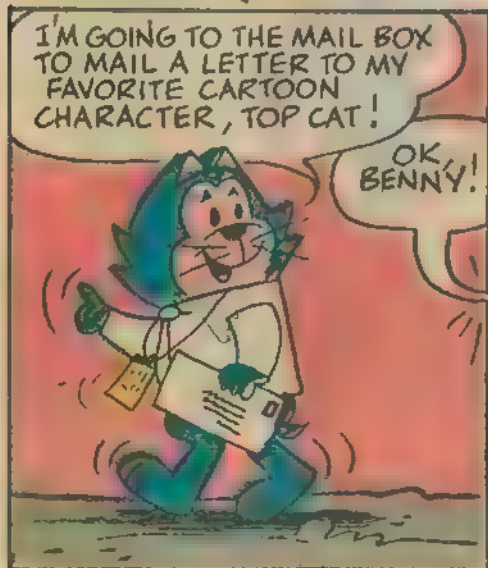
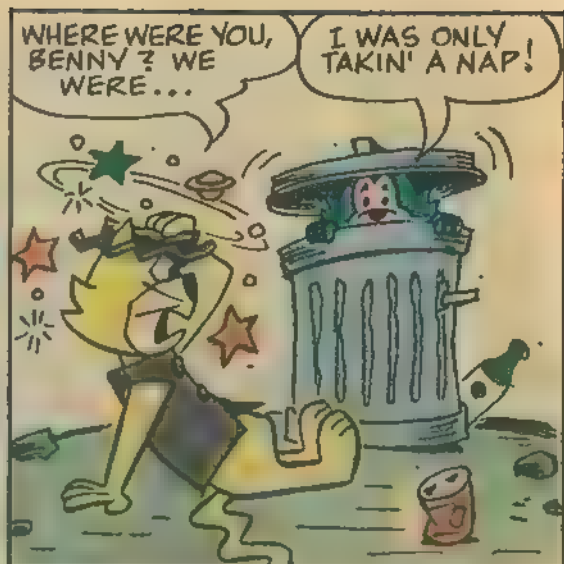
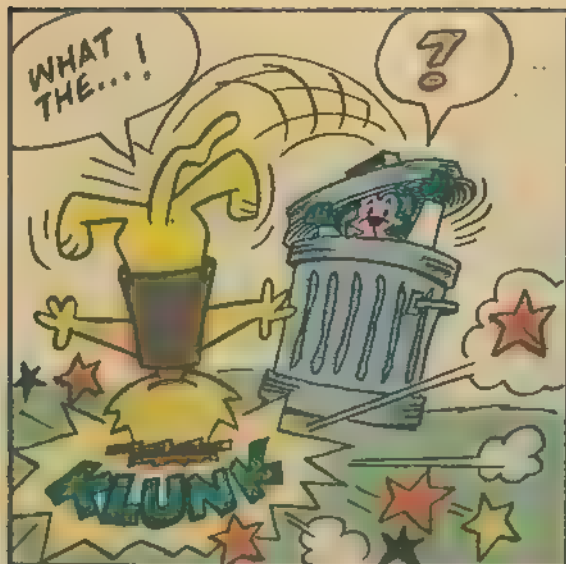
I FOUND HIM, T.C.,  
DOWN BY THE  
SQUARE!







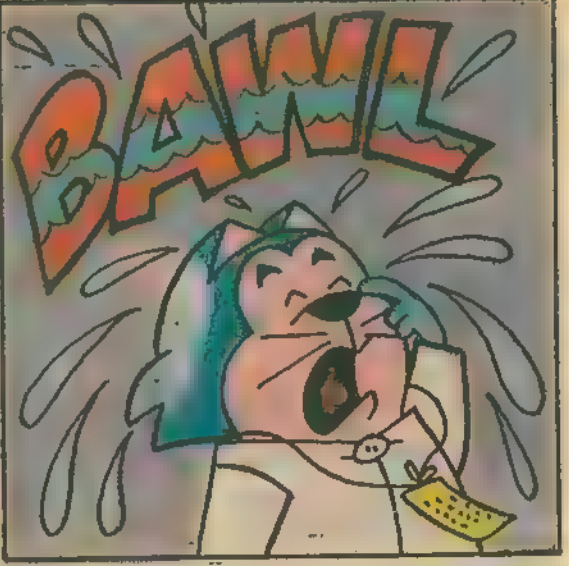






LATER..

OH GOLLY, I DID IT AGAIN! TOP CAT'LL BLOW HIS TOP!



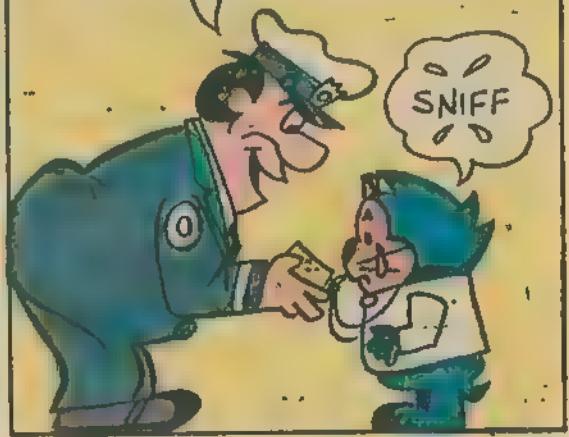
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, LITTLE FELLOW?

I'M LOST!



NOW TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE ONE, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS TAG READS!

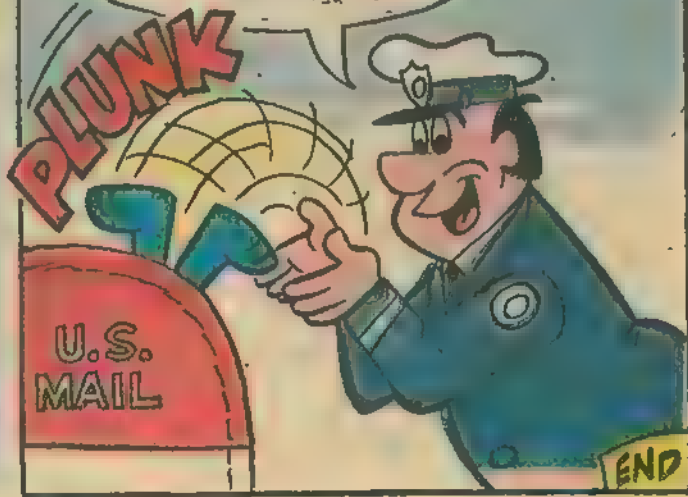
SNIFF



"MY NAME IS BENNY, ADDRESS, CITY ALLEY! IF LOST, DROP IN NEAREST MAIL BOX!"



WELL, HERE GOES, BENNY!





# Paul's PET SHOP

My friend, Paul Shimer, wasn't much of a success at the owner of a pet shop until one day a great idea hit him in the brain cells. He bought a small book called, "How to Be a Ventriloquist." When business was slow, he would practice until he could throw his voice anywhere in the shop. Then, he was ready to see if his new found talents could be turned into hard cash.

A woman came into the store, looked at a parakeet in a cage, and then asked the question:

"Can you learn to talk? Say something to me. I might buy you."

"Look lady," said the parakeet. "I'll make a deal with you. If you learn to talk like a parakeet, then I will talk like a human being."

She almost fainted. She wanted to buy that "talking parakeet who is very intelligent." My friend was honest. He swore that the bird couldn't talk. She bought it anyway. From that day on, his business started to boom. Then, there was the woman and her darling little boy who came in to look over the dogs. She saw a very nice puppy in a cage.

"Think you would like this little dog for your birthday present?" she asked her son.

The boy hesitated. Then, the dog went into action. He barked three times and then spoke.

"Hey, what do you call this? Why not ask me for my opinion about whether or not I want to live in your house? What kind of food do you serve? What kind of sleeping quarters will you give to me? Will your little son be kind to me?"

"Mother, mother," shouted the boy, "Buy that dog for me. Boy, oh boy, a talking dog. I can charge my friends ten cents to listen to him. Please buy him for me at once."

"I don't like his attitude," protested the dog. "Out to make a few cents from a talking dog. I promise you that if you do buy me, I will not talk another word from this minute on."

"I must have that talking dog at once," said the woman to my friend Paul. "I don't care how much you charge for it."

"This is a reliable pet shop," said my friend. "The puppy is yours for only \$15.00. But, I tell you that it isn't a talking dog at all."

Paul got a write-up in the newspaper, and business became bigger than ever. He had to hire an extra assistant. I was there the day the man looked at the fish in the tank.

"Can you talk?" he asked. "I have heard of the talking parakeet and of the talking dog — but a talking fish? That would be something in my fish tank. Tell me the truth, can you really talk?"

"Look here, mister," retorted the fish. "How silly can you get at your age? You tell me if you can swim underwater for an hour in a fish tank and eat fish food every day of the week? Answer my questions first. Then, maybe, I will answer yours."

"I must have that fish — the one I am pointing to," said the man. "A talking fish, something I never heard about. I will buy it."

"But the fish can't really talk," said Paul. "If you want it under that condition, you can have it."

"Gives me a big idea for entertainment," grinned the man. "I have a tape recorder. I will tape a conversation between the various fish in my tank; and when I throw a party, this will be something. I will even send to you an invitation."

Just to keep the record straight, the man did give a party. The invitations read: "Come hear my talking fish discuss world politics." Paul was invited and went there.

One day a well dressed man came into the pet shop. He looked around at the various pets. Then, he stopped before a cage in which there were two monkeys resting comfortably on the branches of an imitation tree. The man then went over to Paul.

"Please come over with me to these monkeys. You can hear them speak to each other."

This puzzled Paul, and this is what he heard the monkeys say:

"I hope the boss doesn't think he has fooled anyone with his trick of speaking for us."

"Just shows you how smart he is. Learned to be a ventriloquist."

"Say, who are you?" asked Paul. "I could give you a job here."

"I just happen to be the man who wrote: 'How to Be a Ventriloquist.'"



# TOP CAT in What ye sow also shall ye reap!

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS, BOYS! IT'S ABOUT TO DRIVE ME CRAZY!

EASY, T.C.! DOCTOR LITTLEHEAD IS ONE OF THE BEST IN TOWN, HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR YOU!



D-5406

EWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

..AND DOCTOR, I WORRY ALL THE TIME ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME OF ME AND MY GANG.. WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR US!

TOP CAT, WORRY NO MORE, I HAVE THE SOLUTION.. AND HER NAME IS MADAM ZULU!

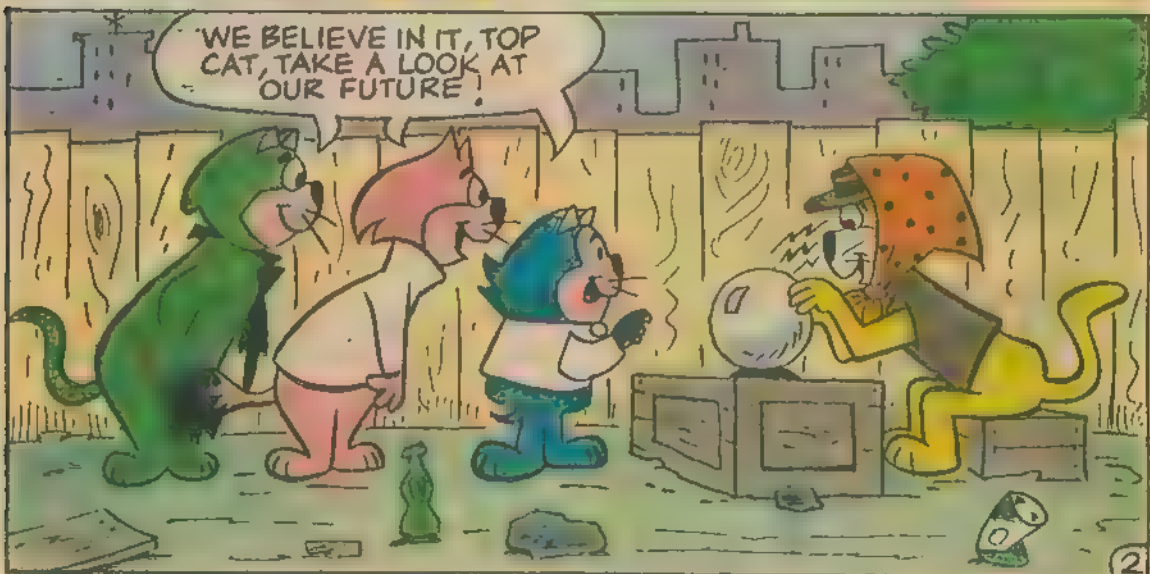
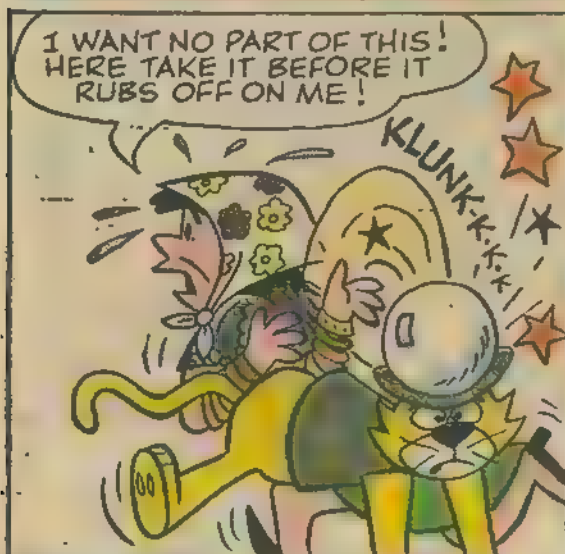
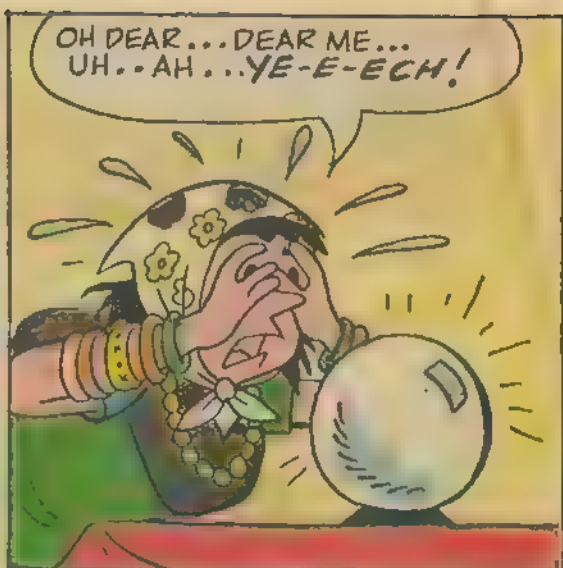


DOCTOR LITTLEHEAD SENT ME! HE CAN'T HELP ME!

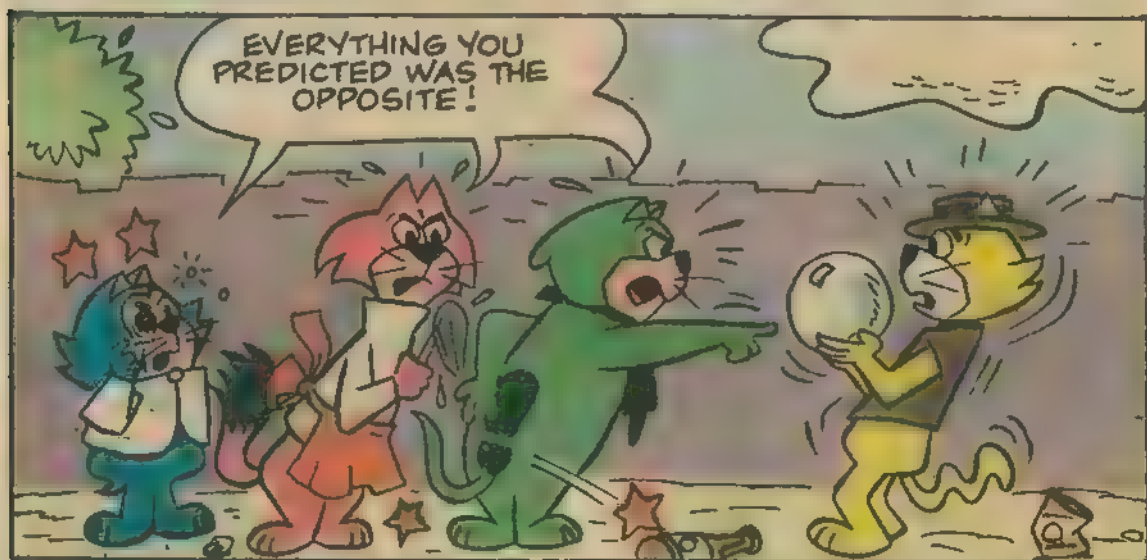
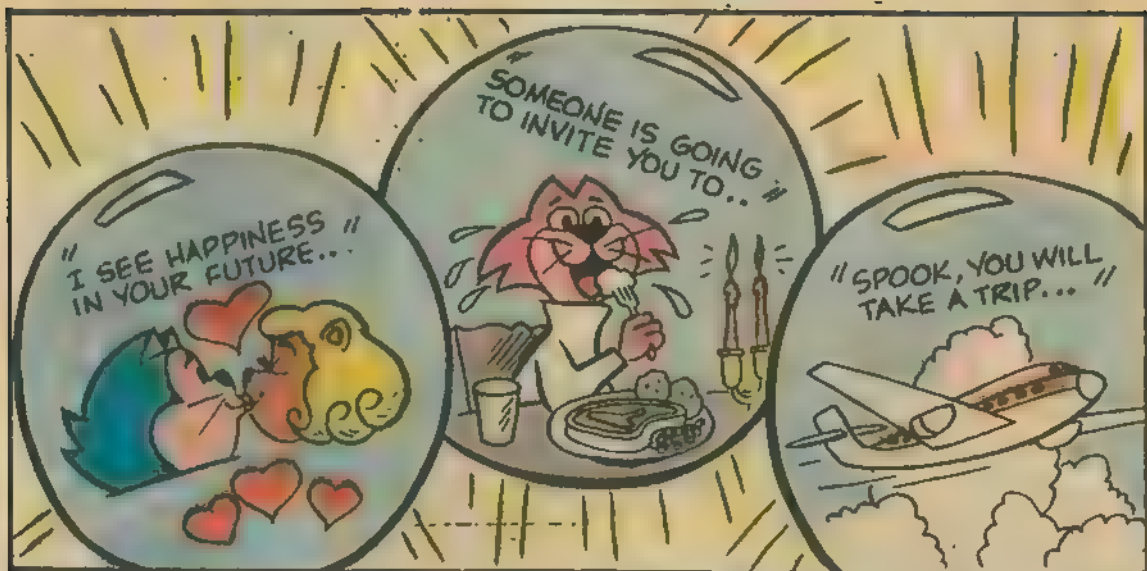
THAT FIGURES... HE MUST BE NUTTIER THAN YOU!



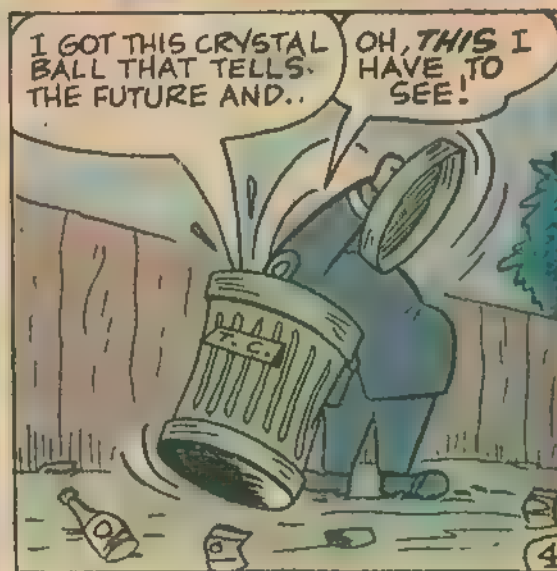
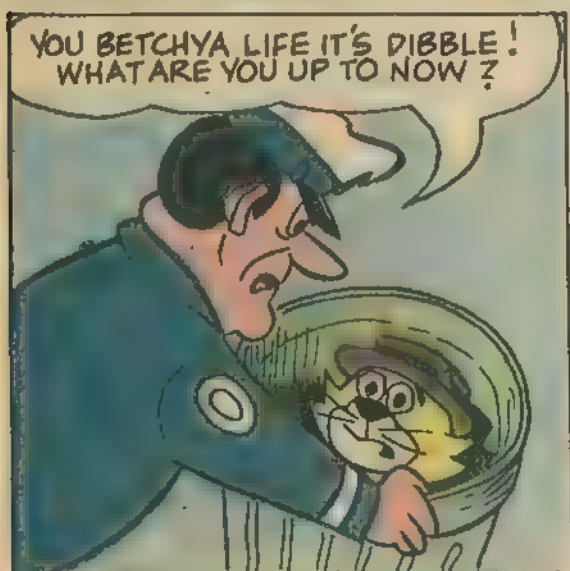
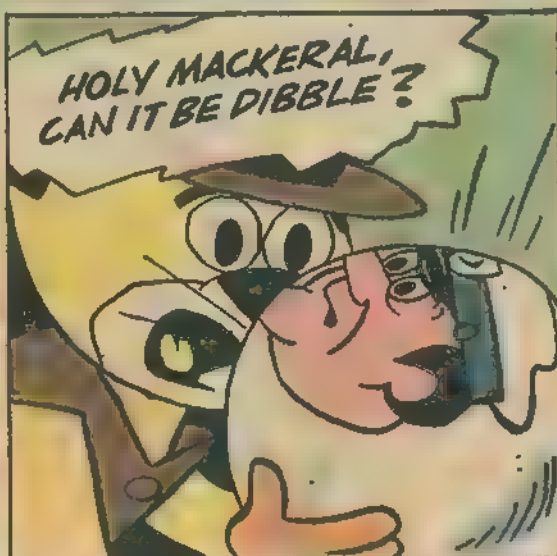
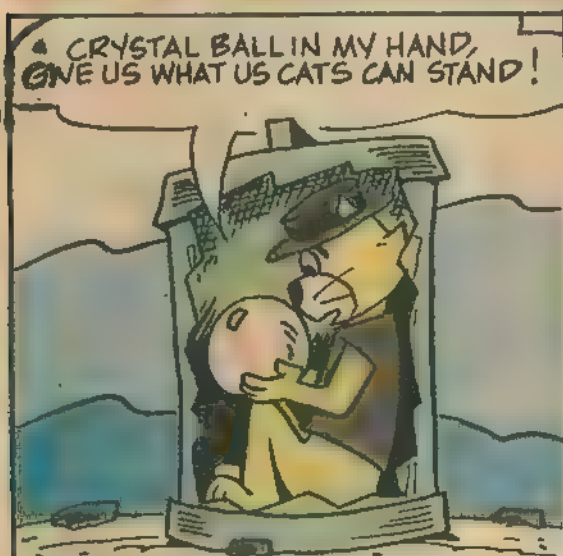




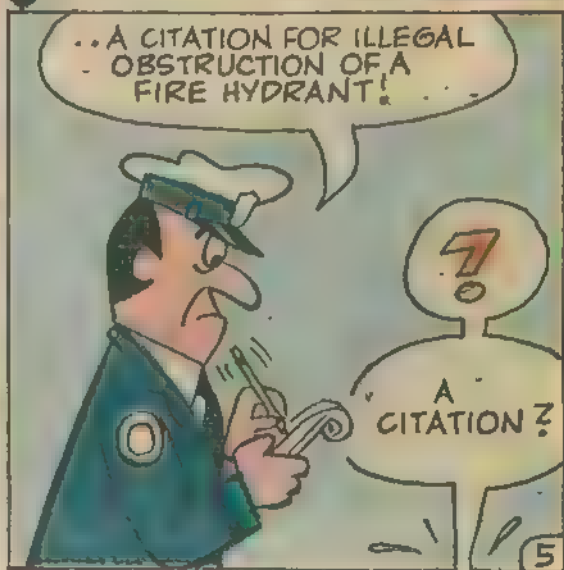
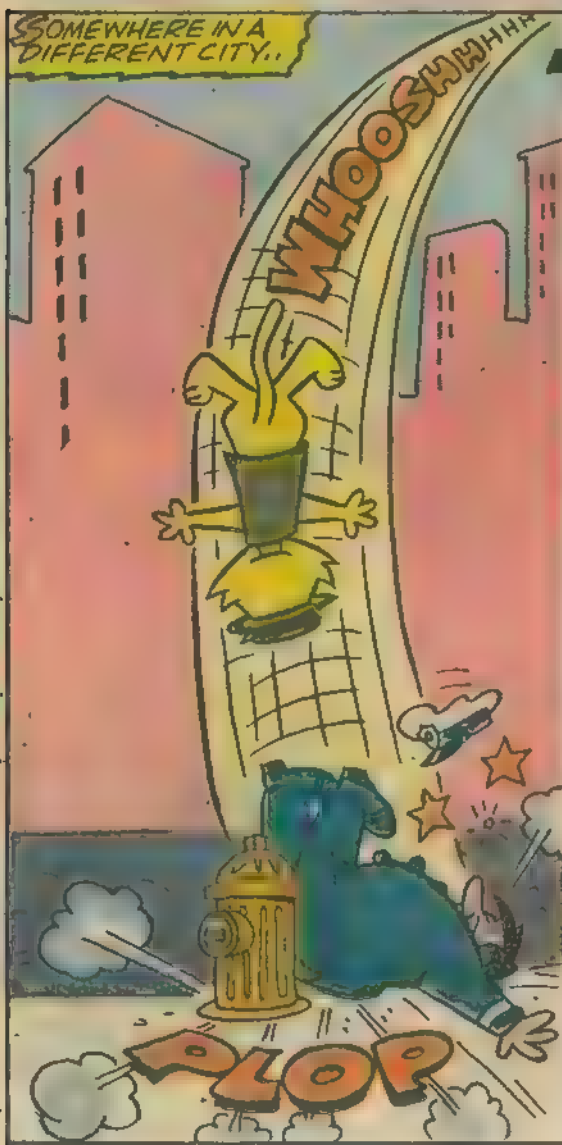
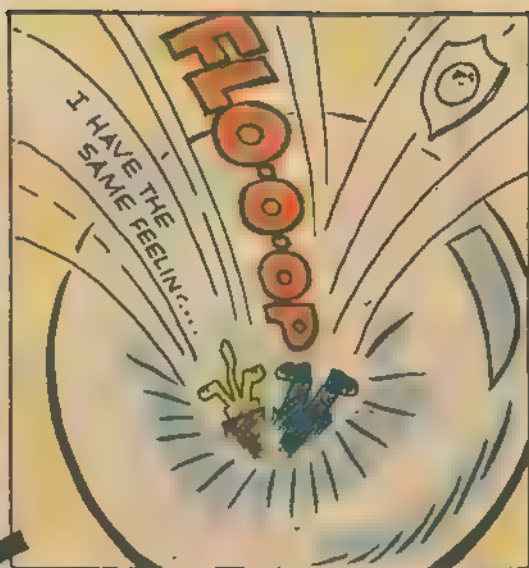
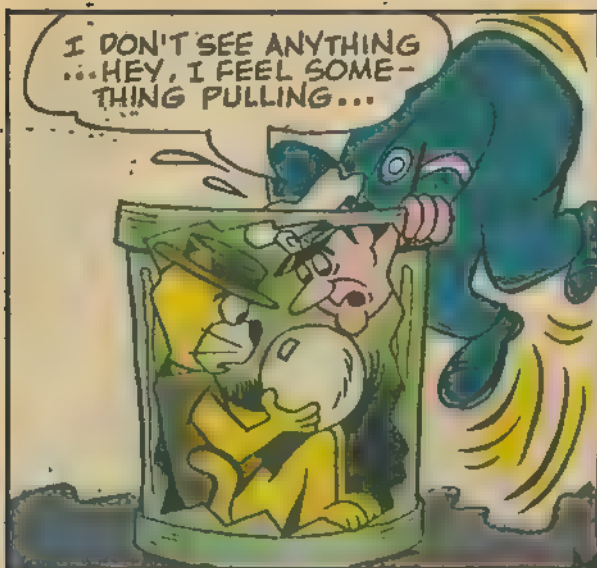




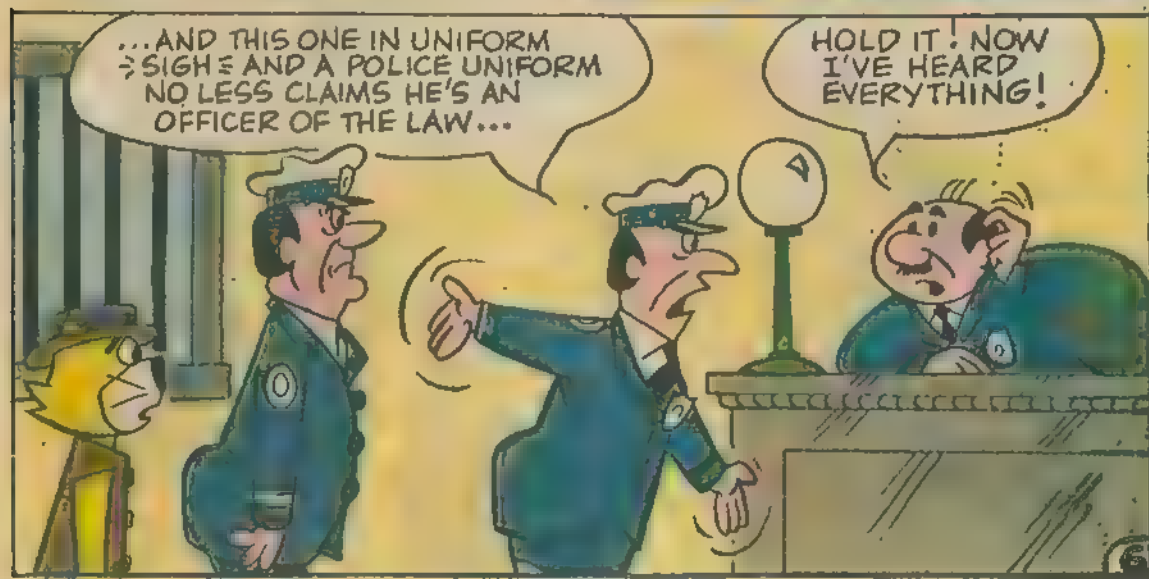
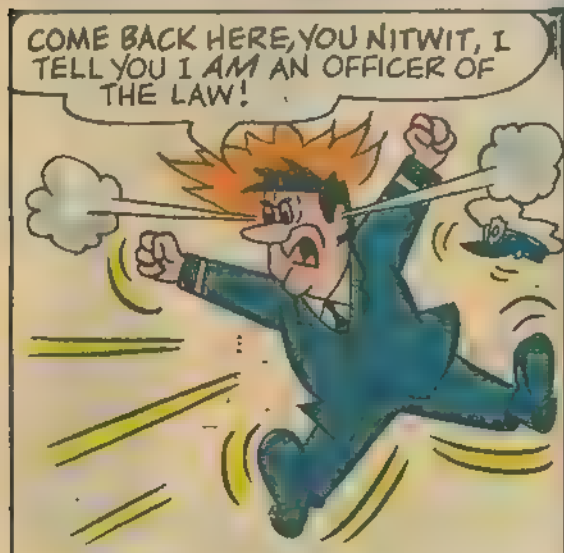














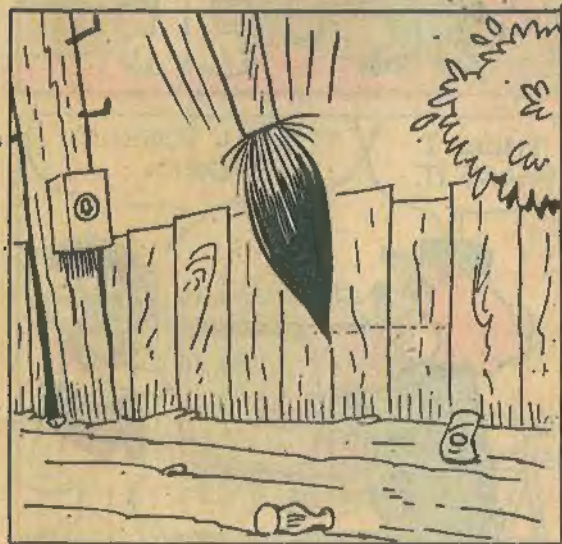
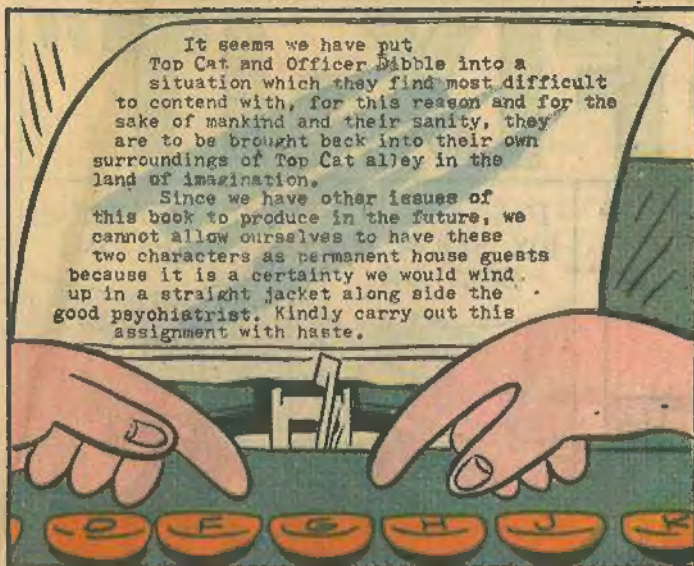






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**TOP  
Cat**

# "U-FIX-IT"

HELLO. SEND SOMEONE  
UP TO FIX MY **TV**. IT DOESN'T  
WORK.



I'M HERE TO  
FIX YOUR **TV**  
SET, SIR.



(GULP) COME  
RIGHT IN!



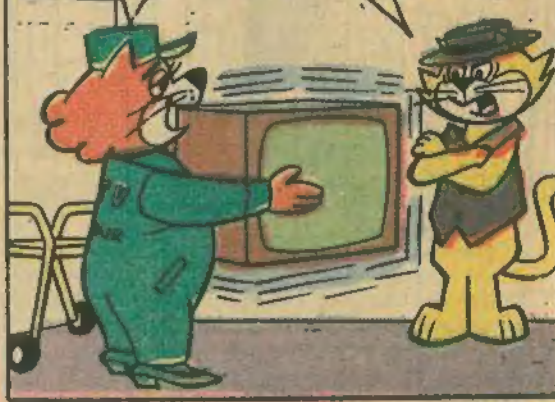
"FIRST, I KICK IT.

IT STILL  
DOESN'T  
WORK.



THEN, I  
SHAKE IT...

IT STILL DOESN'T  
WORK.



THEN I DO SOMETHING YOU  
FORGOT. I PLUG IT IN.



YOUR  
BILL.

NO, I'M STUPID.

